Select Miscellany.

TWO SONNETS.

ORIENT TO OCCIDENT.

I.

Mine is the elder right, the ancient throne,
The purple of the centuries is mine!
The birthplace of the race, its earliest shrine
Was to my ever-blooming gardens known.
Upon my dewy, sunrise slopes has grown
The tree of knowledge, of whose fruit divine,
Have feasted bard and sage, a noble line;
The fountains of all history are my own.

My fields are white with harvests of brave deeds,
And rich with blood of heroes, and the air
Is sweet with songs of victory heard afar.
Mine are the elder gods, the cradle creeds
Of the wild North, the fiery South; and fair
On my horizon rose the Bethlehem star!

OCCIDENT TO ORIENT.

II.

Wear thy proud honors still, imperial East,
Thou warrior of the ages! but for me
Dawns a new day, a fairer history
Than ever graced the scroll of seer or priest.
For Liberty, from ancient thrall released,
Calls to the nations over land and sea,
To all oppressed, who should be strong and free,
To sit with her at a perpetual feast.

My poets sing no more of battling foes;
But in this true Valhalla of the West
Shall god-like wisdom, arts divine, increase;
And here the star that o'er Judea rose,
Shall light the long-sought gardens of the Blest,
The home of nations, and the throne of Peace!

Why I Pay Bills when Due; or Aunt Grace's Story.

"Oh, dear!" said Rose Howard as she looked at the paper which the servant handed her. "That wretched girl is in a desperate hurry to send in her bill for embroidery. Twenty dollars! just what I had saved to pay for the bonnet and gloves which I must have, if I go to Mrs. Lorimer's reception. I did not expect this bill until I had my next month's allowance. Well, she must wait, that's all."

"I would not make her wait, if I were you, Rose," said Miss Grace Rowan, looking up from her sewing.

"Why, it is only ten days," said Rose. "Papa always gives me my allowance on the first day of the month, and to-day is the twenty-first."

"Nevertheless I would pay her bill to-day," said Miss Rowan, earnestly. "If it will be of any use to you I would much rather lend you the money. I can, probably do without it better than she can."

"Thank you, Aunt Grace, but that would not do at all," said Rose. "When papa consented to give me a regular allowance it was on condition that I should never borrow a penny of any one. But why are you so anxious that the bill should be paid at once? Do you know anything about this girl that you are so sure she is in need of the money?"

"No," said Miss Rowan, "I know nothing about her. It is only on general principles that I am speaking. Not exactly, either. If you choose I will tell you why I never delay a day in paying a bill sent in by a poor person, above all by a poor young girl."

"A story," said Rose, gayly. "Oh, that is delightful; I am as fond of stories now as I was at ten years old. It just comes at the right time, too, for mamma wants me to finish this table-cloth, and I do get so tired of these conventional borders, just the same thing over and over, but a story will make me forget it. Do go on, auntv."

Rose settled herself comfortably in her low sewing-chair, and dropped her dark lashes over her pretty blue eyes. Aunt Grace smiled a little at her eagerness, then sighed faintly and began her tale.

"It is a story of the days when I was an elderly young girl, living at home with my parents," she said. "And the heroine of the story—you remember those flower-paintings which you have so often admired at my home, Rose?"

"Remember them? Of course I do. Those great velvety pansies with the dew-drops standing upon their purple petals. And the sweet peas, with rings of dainty flush over tremulous white, looking as if a breath would blow them away. And, oh aunty! those exquisite maple-buds and catkins, the soft, furry white 'pussies,' mingled with the bright scarlet of the bursting buds. It is like a dream of early spring. But how do they come into your story, aunty?" asked Rose, lifting wide eyes of interest to her aunt's face.

"Only because the painter of those pictures is the heroine of it," said Aunt Grace. "Cara Hastings was her name. She was much younger than I, an orphan, fighting her way single-handed with the world. Pretty? Well, rather pretty, not very. She had a slight, graceful figure, dark, wistful eyes set in a small, pale face, flexible, tremulous lips, and a profusion of soft, dark, wavy hair, which framed her broad forehead like a cloud.

"I met her first at the studio of a friend, and, in spite of the two years difference in our ages, we took a mutual fancy to each other. After that I was often at her studio, poor little bare place that it was! One room served for everything—kitchen, parlor, studio, bed-room, yes, and reception room for her pupils. A broad lounge served for her bed at night, and one corner of the room was curtained off to conceal her toilette apparatus. Her cooking, such as it was, was accomplished upon a small kerosene stove, which, when not it use, she kept in her closet. A poor little place, as I said, but Cara was very happy in it. She loved her work, and she had one of those bright, happy dispositions which make their own sunshine. She often talked to me of her pupils, but the one of whom she spoke oftenest was Maud X. I knew the name well, for the father of this Maud was one of the most prominent clergymen in the city where we both lived. Every one respected him, irrespective of denomination. He was not only an eloquent preacher and a profound scholar, of fervid piety and blameless life; he was also a philanthropist, a reformer, prominent in the temperance cause, in the society for the suppression of vice, in everything that was good and noble. Cara often spoke of him with enthusiasm.

"'It is not only that Maud is such a darling,' she said, 'but I feel it such an honor to be associated in any way with the family of such a man!'

"All this was in the winter. Spring came, and everybody was leaving town. I did not go, although all my family did, simply because I did not care to. There is such a pleasant feeling and sense of solitude in a large city through July and August that I meant to put off my 'outing' until late September. Cara did not go away either, and we saw a good deal of each other. It was not an unalloyed joy to me, though, for watching her, I saw that day by day her cheek grew paler and thinner, her step slower, her eye more feverishly bright.

"'What is the matter with you, Cara,' I often asked anxiously, but she only smiled and protested that nothing ailed her, that she was only a little tired with the hot weather; when fall came she would be herself again.

"I urged her to go out of town, or at least to come and stay for a while with me in our large, empty house, but no.

"'I must work, you know,' said Cara, 'must work harder than ever now, that my pupils have all left me for the summer. I could not work with you. My mind would be continually disturbed, and —No, no, my studio is much the best place for me.'

"'But why work so hard?' I said, 'Why not take a holiday? Your lessons of last winter surely brought you in enough to enable you to rest awhile now. There were Maud X.'s lessons, which alone would bring you in a small fortune, you said.'

"'A small fortune? Yes, but small fortunes will not last forever,' said Cara, slowly. 'How do I know that I shall have any pupils next year? How do I know?'

"There was a short, sharp knock at the studio door and a letter fell through the slit, upon the floor. Cara sprang to pick it up, glanced at the address, which I saw was in a masculine hand, and a faint flush tinged her pale cheeks. I turned away to look at a picture, while she tore open the envelope. When I turned back the flush had faded, and left her paler than before, her lips were quivering a little, and her eyes had a dim, hopeless look, which moved me sorely.

"'Cara, you are not well,' I cried. 'Dear child, you must come with me. You shall have a room with a north light and be alone when you like, and no one shall ask you a question. We will make excursions into the country, and you shall sketch while I read, and'—

"But Cara stopped me with a motion of her hand. 'No, no,' she said, 'I cannot come. Do not make it harder for me to refuse by urging me. I must stay here —there is no other place for me.'

"Her tone was so decided that I felt it would be useless to urge her further, and sadly and reluctantly I left her. That night came the news of the severe illness of your mother, my only sister, accompanied with an entreaty that I would go to her. Of course I went by the first train next morning, leaving only a note for Cara, to explain my sudden departure.

"It was the first of August when I had left the city, but September had come and well-nigh gone before your mother's health was sufficiently re-established to enable me to leave her.

"'I saw your friend Cara Hastings today,' said one of the family, as we gathered around the table for the first meal after my return. 'I am afraid the poor girl is in a bad way. She was always fragile, but now she is shadowy. She has a settled cough and a hectic color. She looked very pretty, but I should be sorry to see any dear friend of mine looking pretty in just the same way!'

"I need not say that the next morning found me on my way to Cara's studio. It was all true. I knew it as soon as I looked in her face. She threw herself into my arms with a little cry of delight, which changed into a spasm of coughing, and I felt the slight form pant and quiver in my arms.

"'Cara! dear child, what have you been doing to yourself,' I cried in dismay.

"Cara smiled her own bright, cheerful smile.

"'I have had a very hard summer,' she said, 'but I shall soon be strong again. Now that it is all over I can tell you about it, but at one time I really thought that I should never live to do so.'

"It was not a romantic story, for there was no love in it, and no tragedy, save as I plainly foresaw, looking in my poor Cara's face.

"'I suppose I was rather extravagant in the spring,' said Cara, 'for I needed a good many things, and I knew that the money for Maud X.'s lessons would keep me all summer. Maud and her mother left town rather suddenly in June, and I did not know where they had gone. I sent my bill to the house, however, not doubting that it would be paid at once. I waited a month, and in the meantime my funds ran very low, and I found that the strictest economy was necessary. Do what I would, however, the money melted away like water, and at last, in despair, I resolved to write to Dr. X. It was a hard thing to do, but I did it, merely telling him that I had sent in my bill to Mrs. X. at such a date, and having heard nothing from her, feared that it had not been forwarded. It seemed to me that life and death hung upon the answer, yet I did not really doubt that he would send the money at once. His answer came one day while you were with me.'

"'I remember,' I said, briefly.

"'There was no money inclosed, as I had expected,' continued Cara. 'He merely informed me that the bills for Maud's lessons and schooling were always settled by Mrs. X.; that the bill had been duly forwarded to her, and that, no doubt, she would settle it promptly upon her return in September. And I had just sixty cents in the world!'

"'My poor Cara!' I cried, 'What did you do?'

"'Do? What was there to do?' said Cara. 'Fortunately, my rent was paid for three months in advance, so that I was sure of a shelter, at least. For the rest, I lived for a month upon that sixty cents. Of course I could not afford to buy fuel, so bread and water constituted my entire diet. Two rolls a day are not very satisfactory, but it was all I could afford. Two cents a day will not set a luxurious table. Hungry? I think I was not so much hungry as weak. The worst of all was that I could not paint. I had not the strength to stand before the easel, and my hand shook so that I could not manage the brushes, and, sometimes, it really seemed that my mind wandered. Dear, you must not feel so badly about it. It is all over now.'

"For I was crying silently at the thought of all that she had suffered through that horrible summer, and still more at the thought that it was *not* all over, that, alas! it had just begun.

"'Oh, Cara! why would you not come to me when I begged you?' I sobbed at last.

"'Dear, I could not,' said Cara, gently. 'I should have felt like a beggar. I could not tell you of my straits, and I could not go and live upon you, knowing that I was actually a pauper. I should have felt ashamed even before your servants. If you will ask me for a visit now that I have money enough to make me independent, I will come; but at that time I could not—I tried, but, indeed, I could not.'

"Ask her? of course I asked her, knowing well that it was the last thing I should ever do for her. That month's starvation had done its work, and the weakened system fell an easy victim to the hereditary foe, which else might have been baffled. When Cara left our house, at last, it was with hands meekly folded upon her breast, with the sightless eyes veiled by their long, dark lashes, and the smile of the triumphant redeemed upon her pallid lips."

Aunt Grace's lips were quivering and her eyes dim with tears as she finished her story. Rose had dropped her work, and sat with her eyes fixed upon her aunt's face.

"How did Dr. X. feel when he heard of it?" she asked, at last.

"He never knew it," said Aunt Grace. "When I take up the religious or secular papers and read the burning and eloquent words in which he pleaded the cause of some benevolent object, I wonder what he would say if he knew the true story of the life and death of his daughter's drawing teacher, little Cara Hastings."

"But he ought to know it," said Rose, indignantly.

"It was hardly his fault, after all," said Aunt Grace, gently. "He could never imagine of what consequence a sum of money, which seemed trifling to him, might be to a poor girl. But that is the reason why I always pay my bills promptly, Rose."

Rose stood up, put away her work and her crewels and left the room. A few minutes afterward she returned, cloaked and hatted for the street.

"Thank you for your story, Aunt Grace," she said, as she buttoned her glove, "I am going down now to pay that bill, and as for Mrs. Lorimer's reception —well, I can wear my old bonnet or stay at home."—*New York Observer.*

A Brave Engineer.

The WATCHMAN of July 11, gave a brief account of the disabling of the steamship Aurania by the breaking of a crank-shaft, off Sandy Hook, Sunday afternoon, July 1. The New York *Herald* graphically describes the disaster and the heroism of the engineer. The enormous power demanded for the propulsion of a great vessel like the Aurania received a terrific illustration by this incident. "It was while the passengers were watching the low line of the Long Island coast, just appearing in the dim distance," says the *Herald*, "that the crank-shaft attached to the middle piston, an enormous bar of solid steel, ten inches in diameter, suddenly snapped in twain. The suddenly liberated piston rod shot up through the top of the confining cylinder, tearing the thick steel plates all to pieces, and with one tremendous burst and a report like that of heavy pieces of ordnance, a vast volume of steam, carrying with it fragments of iron, burst through the sky-light and escaped heavenward. The havoc wrought in the engine room was terrible. Not a cylinder escaped laceration. Iron braces were bent and torn, heavy beams were perforated, glass an inch thick from the sky-light was blown into the air and rained down upon the deck in a dangerous shower. A passenger was sitting near the stern and was slightly cut by falling glass. A lady passenger—Mrs. E. W. Sturdevant —was standing near the sky-light. She was knocked down by the force of the explosion and her wrist was badly sprained. For a moment or two there was almost a panic on board, those on deck being frightened by the noise of the explosion, the rush of escaping steam and the sound of some terrible pounding, which was going on in the lowest depths of the engine room. They retreated in some disorder toward the bows. Other passengers, who were below, rushed on deck to see what the matter was. But it was not on deck nor yet in the upper part of the engine room that the real point of danger lay. Down three greasy pairs of ladders, in the depths of the ship's hull, far below the cylinders, in the dark hole where stokers grow faint from excessive heat and where the grimy engineer on duty holds his post of responsibility, there was enacted a scene which rarely has an equal. The lower portion of the broken crank-shaft, a mass of steel weighing many tons, was, of course, fastened to the main shaft of the ship, and as this continued to revolve from the working of the other pistons, an immense arm of steel went flying about like a huge flail. The effect was awful. Iron and steel were knocked to splinters. A supporting column of wrought iron a foot in thickness was broken in two, and one piece weighing a ton was bitten out, so to speak. Wherever the flail struck destruction followed. The air, already choked with scalding steam, was filled with sparks of fire caused by the blows of steel on steel and iron. The place was infernal. Nothing but prompt action could save the sheathing of the vessel from being pounded through. The engine must be stopped. And yet the little steel brake which controlled the whole tremendous mechanism was situated only about two feet from the arm of the thrasher and right in the midst of the scalding steam and the blistering sparks. Andrew Lambert, the second engineer, promoted from the Bothnia, was on duty in the engine room. He is a tall, brawny Scotchman of some three or four and thirty. When the crank-shaft broke and the engine room was turned into pandemonium, Mr. Lambert was standing near one of the stoke rooms, some twenty or thirty feet from the brake. He saw and felt the dense mass of steam and noted the lightning of the flying sparks. He knew the engine must be stopped. To see the controlling brake was an impossibility, but he knew that instinct would take him to it, and, dropping down on his hands and knees, he crawled up to it and turned off the steam. The shaft had made about twenty revolutions before he was able to get the engine under control. He was badly scalded about the face and hands, but otherwise uninjured. But he had risked his life to save the ship."

Women Buyers.

"Do you ever have any lady buyers visit you?" recently asked a representative of the *Carpet Trade and Review*, of a prominent carpet manufacturer.

"Yes, sir, and what's more these lady buyers are among the sharpest purchasers we have to deal with. They pay the strictest attention to every detail of the business, select their goods with greater care, and have much better taste than the average male buyer. Now it is an undoubted fact that American wives are not consulted enough upon many subjects relating to their husbands' business, where their advice would be of benefit to all concerned. In France, it is almost the rule to see the wife of a manufacturer or storekeeper, not only taking an interest in the business, and having a desk in the office, but in many cases actually managing the business. Can a man have a more trustworthy cashier or head book-keeper than his own wife? No, sir. If our business men would only admit their wives and other female relatives into their offices, we should hear much less frequently of defaulting cashiers and defaulting book-keepers. A man can have no better adviser than his own wife, and very few know what excellent 'business men' women make, if they are carefully trained. Some of the largest businesses in France, employing many hundreds of persons, are entirely managed by women. I am no woman's rights advocate, indeed, I am distinctly opposed to a woman's going out of her own sphere and dabbling in medicine or law, for I fancy that no women can become useful in either of these professions without becoming to a certain degree unsexed; but I should be the last person in the world to refuse to recognize the fact that a women can be of great assistance in nearly all classes of business, and can successfully hold the majority of responsible commericial positions now held by men. In the carpet trade we have several ladies who own their own stores, others who buy for their husbands' stores, and others still who always accompany their husbands on their business trips to the city."

"But do you not think that women as a rule are likely to be more easily influenced than men?"

"No, sir, not in business, and perhaps not out of it. A business woman is a far more difficult person to deal with than a business man. Once let her understand, or even fancy she understands the business and you may be perfectly certain that she will never be imposed upon. One of our lady customers is also a designer, and she recently brought us one of the prettiest carpet designs that I have ever seen, and asked us to make it up for her. We were only too glad to do it, and the design is now one of the best selling 'bodies' we have in stock. I know one lady whose husband owns a large curtain, upholstery and carpet business, in fact a general house-furnishing store, and that lady knows more about the actual details of the business than her husband, and yet he's no fool; on the contrary, he may be classed as a good business man. But—"

Just at this moment a genteelly dressed lady entered the store. She was about thirty years of age, good looking, and possessed that quiet, collected look that denotes the real lady. In a thoroughly business-like manner she examined the stock, selected her goods and selected them with the best of judgment, and, after exchanging a few words with the head of the firm, walked out of the place as if she was in the habit of buying a thousand rolls a day.

"That's one of our lady buyers," remarked the manufacturer, "and you can form an idea of the general manner of the ladies who have energy enough to take a part in conducting their husbands' business. Mr. —— is a prosperous retailer, a good risk in every sense of the word, but while he attends to the general working of the concern, his wife does all the buying and does it well, too, I can assure you."

A Battle Flag Returned.

The significant event of the day in New York was the return of the colors of the one hundred and fifty-fifth regiment by the cadets of the Virginia military institute, where the flag was deposited at the close of the war. These colors were lost in the fight of Cold Harbor, where the brave Colonel MacMahon of the one hundred and fifty-fifth, a young man only twenty-six years of age, had planted them on an earthwork, in advance of all his men, and maintained them in the face of the enemy's fire until he was riddled with bullets. As he said himself, with his dying breath, he was shot all to pieces. An officer, also wounded near by, crawled over and offered the dying colonel some whiskey. He was then lying with his hands clasped over his breast, and his lips moving as if in prayer. He only responded to the officer, "No, no, I thank you. Let me die in peace." Three of the MacMahon brothers distinguished themselves in the war. The first to fall was the colonel of the one hundred and fifty-fifth, and his brother, the hero of Cold Harbor, took his place. The surviving brother, General MacMahon, was offered the position of colonel; but he declined and left the command to the lieutenant-colonel, who, when captured, begged the confederates to save young MacMahon. But it was then too late. The body of the colonel lay for three days on the spot where he fell, so terrible was the fire of the combatants at that point. He was finally buried at midnight. The chaplain who performed the service and hundreds of the men were in tears. By an order of Meade, no regiment which had lost its colors was permitted to carry colors again until it had won the right by gallant conduct. In the case of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth, General Hancock most earnestly protested, saying, "I would be content to lose all the colors of my command in the same way." An appeal was taken to General Grant in the war department, and the colors were restored. This is the pathetic, yet proud story of the captured flag. It was delivered on the Fourth in the governor's room at the city hall. Col. Ball of the eleventh Virginia cavalry, who captured the flag, handed it to Mayor Edson with the remark that Virginia acted now in the sincere belief that her sons were brothers of the citizens of New York. He referred to the speech of President Arthur, who, when receiving the cadets earlier in the day at the Fifth Avenue hotel, had said, "I wish here to express my hope and confidence that henceforth, whenever the flag of a New York regiment shall be assailed, if the gallant soldiers of Virginia are by, they will be prompt and eager to defend it." Col. Ball fully endorsed the sentiment.—*Christian Register.*

A CANADIAN writes home to the Toronto *Mail* that he saw the Prince and Princess of Wales at Hurlingham the other day. "The Prince," he says, "struck me as being an exceedingly handsome man, slightly bald, but with a splendid sparkling eye, good healthy color, and a handsome and well-trimmed glossy beard; he looks the very picture of manly health. He is so like his portraits that even one who had never seen him before could have no difficulty in picking him out in a crowd. He looked every inch a prince, and a jolly good fellow. The Princess is said to be the handsomest lady in England. Of course as to this I cannot judge, but I do know that she is not only good looking, but intellectual looking as well, and has about her every action that charming sweetness of manner which has made her name a byword in this country for all that is good and womanly. The Prince's eldest son and the three daughters are all bright-eyed and healthy looking, and I thought to myself that unless some dreadful calamity befell the royal family there would not for a long time exist any necessity, as was done on a former occasion, to send out of the country for heirs to the British throne."

MR. PEET, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated, "Oh! don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah! but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters!" said the young lady, blushing.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and side, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!